AN

ODE

FOR THE

BIRTH-DAY,

As it was Sung before

His MAJESTY.

Written by *L. EUSDEN*, Esq;
Servant to His MAJESTY.

Transeat hic sine nube dies, stent aëre venti,
Ponat & in sicco molliter unda minas.
Aspiciam nullos hodiernâ luce dolentes,
Et Niobe *lacrymas supprimat ipse Lapis.*
Alcyonum positis requiescant ora querelis,
Increpet absumtum nec sua mater Ityn. Propert.

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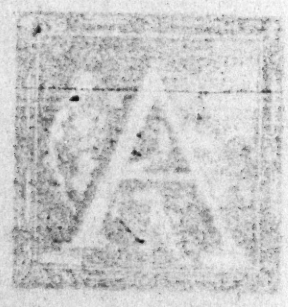

Hero leans, could ought not cry.
But Prodigies his Breath forestall
Great CAUSES, dazzled the Mind
Alone.
Who's without a Mirror born
The Reason is, there Nature hath
Taught what was not wondrous profit
Is Grace were Heroes known.

A N

O D E

FOR THE

B I R T H-D A Y.

RECITATIVO.

A Hero ſcarce could riſe of old
But Prodigies his Birth foretold:
Great *GEORGE*, decreed the World t'adorn,
Was yet without a Meteor born.
The Reaſon is, there wanted none
To tell, what was not wond'rous grown,
For all his Race were Heroes known.

AIR.

A I R.

God of Muſick, Verſe, and Day,
Hither, hither haſte away:
Nor forget with thee to bring,
Health to fair Britannia's *King.*
There thy utmoſt Art diſplay
God of Muſick, Verſe, and Day.

RECITATIVO.

See! ſee! to crown our Bliſs the God complies,
Unclouds his Beams, and blazes 'round the Skies.
He comes, and his own Harmony inſpires;
Soft breath the Flutes, and various ſwell the Lyres.
Liſten, O! liſten to th' enchanting Sound,
While the ſweet Lute in Warblings dies around.
Now pleas'd he ſings the *Britiſh Cæſar*'s Praiſe;
Immortal Acts demand immortal Lays.

A I R.

Tho' your own Apollo *ſings,*
Fav'rite Nymphs your Succour lend me,
Each with Voice, and Harp attend me,
And unlock the ſacred Springs:

I have ſung of mighty Things,
Kindred Gods, and God-like Kings:
Here the big Exploits tranſcend me,
And too weighty preſs the Strings,
Tho' your own Apollo *ſings.*

RECITATIVO.

Thou, *Danow*, muſt the WARRIOR know,
Who purple taught thy Streams to flow:
And thou, *Morëa*, ſure can'ſt tell
By whom thy ſlaughter'd Thouſands fell.
Ask, whom bad Princes fear,
Ask, whom the Good revere:
Or ask the Powers of *Spain*,
To whom 'tis giv'n to reign
Unbounded o'er the Main.

AIR.

Learn, Albion, *learn to know thy Bleſſing,*
A King, like thine, is worth poſſeſſing.
Paſt Triumphs thou haſt ſeen ſurprizing,
But I foreſee new Glories riſing.
Blind Faction if thou wilt be doing,
The Delphick *tells thee 'tis thy Ruin.*

See Europe *'round thy King careſſing,*
Learn, Albion, *learn to know thy Bleſſing.*

CHORUS.

Now all your Lyres, and all your Voices join
To praiſe that Monarch, where all Virtues ſhine.
To me my Delos, *fix'd, her Safety owes,*
To GEORGE BRITANNIA, *ſav'd, her free Repoſe.*
Nor can I fonder on lov'd Delos *ſmile,*
Than the great BRUNSWICK *on* BRITANNIA'S *Iſle.*

FINIS.

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